

BX
8495
P52I6



Demerism

JOHN M. PHILLIPS

March 26th 1820

January 15th 1889





Class BX 8495

Book P52 I6

PRESENTED BY

(S.P.) Mann
Camp Rev. S. Hunt.

Feby 14. 1889

In Memoriam.

JOHN M. PHILLIPS.

[New York 2, 1889, 2]

THE funeral services of John M. Phillips were held in St. John's Methodist Episcopal Church on the 17th of January, 1889, at two P. M.

At a quarter before two the bearers and a few invited friends met the family at the late residence of the deceased, 145 Ross Street.

The Rev. Joseph Longking, D.D., who has served in the Book Concern under ten successive Agents, offered the following prayer at the house, before the family proceeded with the body to the church:

Thou, O Lord, alone art unchangeable. We come before thee, smitten, but trustful. Thou hast taken from us father, counselor and friend. But though afflicted we are not without hope. We rejoice that he whom we have loved is not dead, but sleepeth. The mortal is here confined;



the spirit is with God. We thank thee for all that thou didst enable this man to be and do. O do thou, by thy grace, cheer and comfort these sorrowing ones; and so impart unto us severally thy grace, that when we, each in turn, shall be called upon to yield up to thee our trusts, we may do it with joy, through Jesus Christ thy Son, our Saviour. Amen.

The casket was borne to the church by the following bearers:

| | |
|----------------------------|-----------------|
| REV. S. HUNT, D.D., | E. B. TUTTLE, |
| GEN. C. B. FISK, | J. H. TAFT, |
| REV. LUCIEN CLARK, D.D., | F. W. YOUNG, |
| JOHN E. STEVENS, | L. P. NOSTRAND, |
| REV. JOSEPH LONGKING, D.D. | |

There were present in the church in a body the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society, a large representation of the pastors in New York, Brooklyn, and vicinity, and nearly three hundred of the employés of the Book Concern, besides a large congregation of friends and acquaintances who had assembled to pay their tribute of respect to the departed.

Within the altar was a tower of flowers sur-

Gift

Rev. Edwin H. Bookmyer

April 10, 1928

mounted by a cross, furnished by the family. There was also an elegant tablet of flowers in the form of an open book, on which was inscribed,

METHODIST
BOOK
CONCERN,

and on the margin the words, "OUR FRIEND." This symbol was furnished by the office with which the departed was so long connected.

Bishop E. G. Andrews, D.D., with the pastor of the church, Rev. W. V. Kelley, D.D., preceded the corpse as it was carried to the altar, the Bishop reading the lesson, "I am the resurrection and the life."

The Rev. Dr. Kelley then offered the following invocation:

Our Father in heaven, grant us thy favor and thy grace at this time according to our need. Draw nigh to us and bless us. Pour out to us thy holy consolations and breathe upon us the spirit of wisdom, that we may be teachable and submissive under thy word and thy providence. May we be at peace with thee, and the peace that passeth all understanding keep our hearts and minds through Christ Jesus. Amen.

Lessons from the Scriptures were read ; the 90th Psalm, by Rev. John Miley, D.D., Professor in Drew Theological Seminary, and 1 Cor. xv. 41-58, by Chaplain C. C. McCabe, D.D., one of the Corresponding Secretaries of the Missionary Society.

Bishop Andrews then made the following address :

It behooves us to comfort one another with the words just read to us from the sacred book.

They teach us that our brother, so greatly beloved and so deeply lamented, is not dead, but sleepeth. To such as he

There is no death ; what seems so is illusion ;
This life of mortal breath
Is but the suburb to the fields elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

Over this coffin, even as at the grave in Bethany, we hear the Lord and Giver of life saying, " He that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live ; and whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die."

We know indeed very little of that unseen life into which our friend has entered. The Scriptures abound in magnificent imagery well calculated to awaken admiration and desire ; but they leave us uninformed as to the particulars of that exalted

existence, its conditions, its relations, and its employments. A recent writer aptly named her book *The Gates Ajar*, indicating how slight and transient is the opening through which the light and love of heaven fall upon our eyes. As a belated traveler, storm-beaten, and hurrying to those he loves, suddenly, through some door opened to admit another traveler to his home, catches for an instant the voices of welcome and gladness, the strains of music, and the glow of light and warmth diffused within, and then, the door closing, is left alone with the darkness and the storm, so only do we catch glimpses of the life beyond. Or, as some mariner, sailing along a coast dim with distance and with mist, now and then, by some bold projecting headland, learns the shortening distance between himself and the haven which he seeks, and joyfully pictures to himself the home of his birth and his love, so only can we survey the future to which the Gospel invites us.

Nevertheless, we may and should comfort ourselves as knowing that the toil and burden-bearing of this our friend are exchanged for the repose of heaven; that the battle is ended, and he is a crowned victor; that the struggle of many years after the likeness of the Master is now completed by his being brought to see him as he is, and to union ineffable and eternal with him whom his

soul loved. In the midst of grief and tears we will rejoice in the life and immortality brought to light through the Gospel. "Thanks be to Him who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

But we comfort ourselves with memory as well as with hope. We rejoice and thank God for a life which leaves behind it a radiance of purity, goodness, and peace, such as few bequeath to those who survive them.

May we review for a moment the life thus closed. It falls to me to speak somewhat of Mr. Phillips's general relations to the Church, and of the eminent services which all confess him to have rendered to it. And if it fail me to unfold as I would this aspect of his life I may say that the recent number of the *Quarterly Review* has in it a most admirable presentation of his career, written while yet we hoped that it might be of long continuance.

At fifteen years of age, a lad, the son of a minister, entered the Methodist Book house at Cincinnati. Shortly thereafter both of his parents died, and he was left to care for himself and a younger brother. He began his service in the humblest position, and then steadily for thirty-five years was continually rising through every grade of service in that establishment until he became acknowledged chief of it under the Book Agents.

At length such was the confidence gained for him that the brethren of that region thought it well to send him to the first General Conference of our Church in which laymen had a seat. When the time came to elect Book Agents for the New York house, his eminent reputation for fidelity and ability triumphed over two great obstacles. First, no layman had ever been chosen to the management of the Book Agency. In the second place, he was a Western man, and unknown even by name to many delegates from this side of the Allegheny Mountains. Such, however, was the unimpeachable testimony borne to his worth from his friends in the West that the General Conference elected him to this responsible post. With what fidelity he did his part in sustaining the trusts thus committed to him may be seen in the fact that once thereafter he was re-elected by acclamation, and that three times thereafter he was re-elected by an almost unanimous vote. No one who voted for him at these times of re-election ever gave a vote with doubt as to its fitness, and probably no one ever withheld a vote because of any allegation of personal incompetency or infidelity.

A further testimony as to his worth is found in the fact that a comparison of the inventory taken immediately after his accession to the agency with the financial exhibit presented to the last

General Conference shows an increase of assets from \$792,000 to over \$1,600,000. The competency gained in the Western house was conspicuously shown in this Eastern house, and the Church has reaped large benefits from his administration.

For about nine years he was charged with another exceedingly important and difficult trust. He has been Treasurer of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, a post that demands much care, great discretion, scrupulous fidelity, and strong financial standing among business men.

I need not say here, in this presence, before such a large company of men who have for many years watched his course in the Missionary Board and Missionary Treasuryship, that he brought to this office the utmost faithfulness; that his time was constantly given to the study of its varied interests; that perhaps no other one knew so much about the fields through which our work runs, and that his sound judgment, his perfect temper and courtesy, his conservatism, and yet his aggressiveness as far as the resources of the Missionary Society might warrant, all these have commended him to the unqualified esteem and admiration of his associates. Not soon will his work as Missionary Treasurer be forgotten.

Having borne through so many years these trusts which the Church has thrown upon him, it

came at length to pass that with bended shoulders and enfeebled frame, and with a heart saddened through bereavement, he has for these few months now gone by seemed to be walking steadily toward the home he has finally reached. He did long for a few more years of life. The stately edifice on Fifth Avenue was rising, and it is reported that to one at the General Conference he said, "When that shall have been completed I shall be able to say, with Saint Paul, 'I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course.'" But the heavenly Master willed otherwise, and we sorrow, yet not without "a sure and certain hope."

If any ask what qualities underlay this notable career, we may answer that, in the first place, he had a large, vigorous, and trained intelligence. He observed carefully; he retained firmly; he deliberated dispassionately. All the facts and the forces that entered into the decision of the questions submitted to him he held in steady, calm survey, ascertaining the measure and the value of each. He was not confused by the number or variety of them. His judgment thus was eminently sound, and the conclusions which he reached commended themselves almost invariably to his associates. There came at length to be such confidence in his wisdom, that an expression of his opinion was almost conclusive of any question under consideration.

In the next place we cannot omit that chief factor in his character, namely, the most perfect moral honesty; the supreme intent of his soul to conform himself to the truth, and the whole truth of life. John M. Phillips, above most men, answered to his conscience. There was truthfulness of speech; no coloring or distortion of facts for effect; no tendency even to put false gloss upon the fact which had transpired; a perfect truthfulness ran through all his statements. Honesty of the common sort, *that* must be taken for granted without question. Moreover, so was he ennobled by righteousness that we can never think of him as using cunning or doubtful methods for any end, or as ever seeking his own personal advantage except as personal conformity to the everlasting righteousness might promote it.

We may say of John Milton Phillips that he was utterly loyal to right. During all these years that I have known him I have never heard improper motives or methods of any kind ascribed to him. No act of his administration has ever been supposed, so far as I know, to have been marked by selfishness, or by unkind or unrighteous feeling toward any person. Every way and always he stood for right and truth and God.

In the third place, I think this is to be noted: that whereas many men have large intelligence, and by their very greatness and vigor become im-

patient of those who cannot see as quickly and work as effectively as themselves, and whereas many men through a keen conscience are stern and harsh, a chief characteristic of this great man was an unfailing gentleness, a tenderness and a sweetness, a considerateness—what word shall I use to denote that gentle Christian charity which we were always accustomed to find in his daily life?

Such were the chief features of this noble character. We may speak also of some minor qualities. We note that his was a calmness that was never disturbed, a composure of soul as if he felt that his feet were on the Everlasting Rock. It was the serenity of one who had consciously allied himself to God and to truth—who needed not to fear man or to be provoked by him. Always thus controlled few or none have known him angry, or even so indiscreet in speech that he must return and say, "I beg your pardon; I did not intend it." His was a soul kept in the peace of God.

We speak of his reticence also; and yet, in one sense, he was not reticent. Those who knew him well knew that when cares and business were taken from his shoulders he could enjoy and contribute to the social circle. But the gravity of the affairs committed to his care, and his scrupulous regard for the truth, forbade hasty or copious speech. Thoughtful, candid, recognizing the difficulties that beset the decision of great questions,

he listened, opened his mind to light from every quarter, and was silent until the moment for decisive speech. Then his word was weighty and with authority.

And shall I speak of his genuine modesty? That great head of his, the home of large plans and large knowledge, that face and aspect senatorial and wise, might well have been accompanied, as some would think, with a little more of self-assertion. How unwilling was he to obtrude his judgment! Who ever heard him complain at all that there was not given him all the attention and respect which of right belonged to him? So far was he from demanding these that all the high honors given to him came unbidden, save by the qualities of mind and heart and life which lifted him so far above the most of his fellows.

I pause with these statements. We cannot rightly estimate the value of such a life as this. What a lesson it teaches to young men—that the conditions of success in life are not found in mere brilliancy and quickness and strength of intellect alone, but in these when ruled by high moral qualities!

And how this life just now closed is prophetic of the life which is to be; which, indeed, is now come to him! We do not know much of heaven—what are its employments, its conditions—all this passes our present knowledge; is not the sub-

ject of clear revelation. But we do know that, though the conditions and location and employments of that world be beyond our knowledge, it is nevertheless a society of noble souls; not idle, not simply reflective, not, it may be, passing ages in words or thoughts of adoration, but a society full of life, glowing, energetic, active, perhaps executing in far distant regions of the universe God's great purpose—such must be the society of the skies. And that such a society can exist at all—that it can be filled with peace, in eternal fellowship with God—every member of it must have this same loyalty to truth, this same inflexible justice and righteousness, this same consideration, and tenderness, and love, this same confidence in Almighty God that was nourished and exhibited in the life of our brother, so narrow in its beginning, so large in its outcome. The earthly citizenship prepares the heavenly. Of such as he whom we lament to-day is the general assembly of the redeemed on high.

May it please God, my brethren, to enable us who are charged with trusts in the Christian Church as faithfully to do the work assigned us as this our brother did his work—to be as willing to bear burdens as heavy and continuous as he bore—and with like strong trust in Christ, the Redeemer, to go through our appointed tasks until the Master shall say to each one of us,

“ Well done, good and faithful servant ; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

Mrs. Joshua Youngs then sang a solo, entitled, “ One Sweetly Solemn Thought.”

Rev. Dr. Kelley then made the following address :

It has been appointed to my lot to speak of our brother in his personal character and in his local, domestic and private life. It is inevitable that the topics, this and the one on which Bishop Andrews has spoken, will in some measure interlace, for his life was all of a piece ; he was one man always, the same man every-where ; showing the same qualities here as an officer of this church, in the social circles of this community, among his friends, and in his home, as appeared in his life and work in the wider circles of public and official action.

Death is a great revealer, and, in turning out some lights, turns on others ; it extinguishes the light of intelligence that shone from the eye, the light of cheer that fell from off his face into the lives of others, but it turns on the light of publicity and concentrates the attention of men upon the character and record of him who is gone. We are often surprised to find the man poor whom we supposed to have been rich ; the man

whom we thought honest is sometimes found to be short in his accounts. In those lives where clatter has passed for power with those who had not opportunity to weigh the facts, we are surprised, when we come to review their record, that so little of solidity is discoverable. When the record of some men is cremated in the fierce furnace of post-mortem criticism, we are amazed at the small residuum, and that it is nothing but ashes. But there are men who are not so when they die. There are some who are found entire in their characters and records when submitted to the fierce heat of judgment; so indestructible that we cannot reduce or diminish them by any examination. The wonder grows on those who only had a distant knowledge that a man so solid was here, and they had not weighed him to know how heavy he was. I believe that we are commemorating to-day the life of a man who looks larger when he is dead than when he was alive. There are reasons for this, to some of which Bishop Andrews has alluded. One was the exceeding quietness of the man; he sounded no trumpets, made no noise, called no attention to his doings. He was one of the stillest men in Methodism; he was a silent worshiper in the house of God, sitting with a prayerful and earnest face, doing his work peaceably, quietly, with absolute fidelity, carrying it all on his heart. He was

a quiet man in all his activity. Did you ever see a man do his work with less bustle and noise? He was a quiet man, as has been said, in his spirit, in his natural shrinking from publicity or any kind of self-advertising.

It has fallen to my lot as pastor to observe the beautiful phases of his personal modesty in various ways and on many occasions. I recollect what a feeling of mingled amusement and admiration I had when the question was thrust upon him of having his picture appear in the January number of the *Methodist Review*, and having a sketch of his life written; how embarrassed he seemed to be—like a modest boy who had not been accustomed to appear in print. It was a novel situation to him, and actually he let it go for months after he had received the message from the editor to interview his pastor and have the article begun. This delay was partly owing to the sorrows of those months, but largely because he shrank from any share in the matter. He came at last, only when compelled, in the last days of October, when but little time remained for putting the article in proper shape, apologizing that he should be found to have any thing to do with it—even to give his consent. And, finally, when the article was prepared and it was found that the columns of the *Review* were in such a crowded condition that the sketch must be cut down considerably, that

not more than nine pages could appear, he simply said, with a modest smile, on being told of this by his pastor, "Well, I guess that is about nine pages too much." There was no affectation in that. It filled me with a tender veneration for the man that I could not express. He seldom figured in the public prints. Lesser men have had their names paraded and their fame blown up like a balloon ; his name has been as unobtrusive as the man himself. He published periodicals but did not have himself praised in them. He has done an enormous amount of good, and said nothing about it, and comparatively little notice has been taken of it in the public press. I think more of public praise has been bestowed upon him within a few recent weeks than in all his life before.

One of my satisfactions, and I am sure it is the same with all you who knew and loved him, is that this blessed man, so modest, did not pass into the heavens without knowing, in some small degree, at least, the affectionate esteem with which the Church looked up to him. He was so quiet a man that it took a long time to find him out. He informed no one of his ability ; it was discovered gradually. When he came to Brooklyn he entered into the work of St. John's Church ; he went into the Sunday-school and taught a Bible class. He served in any capacity he was wanted. He was a trustee, and treasurer of the board. We wondered

that he should be willing to take up the work of treasurer of this church and add that to his multiplicity of burdens; but he did that quietly, in a matter of course way, just as he did every thing else.

But while he was a very still man he was also very strong. God in his great works often makes stillness and power go together. As I have been thinking him over, walking around and looking at his character, admiring the tranquillity and stillness of the man, one figure has kept coming up to my mind—a recollection from the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, 1876. In Machinery Hall stood the great Corliss engine. The building was full of other machinery, but there in the midst, not breathing harder than a babe asleep, you came upon it before you had any intimation of its whereabouts. Running whole acres of machinery, it was the stillest thing and the one most mighty engine in all the grounds—doing tremendous work, with smooth precision, and saying nothing about it. I think of the Corliss engine, noiseless, steady, powerful.

Our brother was a man of sturdy independence in character and judgment. I see him in my imagination a Methodist preacher's son, a poor boy left an orphan when sixteen years old. I picture the little man girding himself to his duty and hewing his way in the world; and not his own way only, for he took on himself the care of a

younger brother; clothed him, fed him, fathered him through the years, and set him on his way to a successful manhood. From boyhood until now he was always carrying somebody.

J. M. Phillips was not a man who stood asking favors of people; he was that princely style of man who confers favors a thousandfold more than he ever asks them. In the royal palace of his manhood he could even stint himself that he might have the more to bestow on feebler lives and needy causes. His judgments were not the collected opinions of other men, but the product of his own mind. He stood on his own feet to do his thinking. While thus independent no man was easier to work with; none kindlier, more brotherly than he. There was a broad ability to adjust himself to others. There was no disposition to force his opinions arbitrarily. He was not pragmatic and impracticable, but sweet, reasonable, companionable, and delightful to work with. The longer his associates worked with him the more they felt esteem and affection for him rising in their hearts. Now, how strong a man he was, in the totality of his manhood, perhaps not many people here, even of those who knew him best, fully know.

It may possibly be that J. M. Phillips was one of the giants of the Church for service, for toil, for the vastness of the interests he carried on his

broad shoulders, for the multiplicity of detail that he bore. I am not speaking simply of his work as Book Agent, though that were enough for one man; nor of his work as Missionary Treasurer, though he carried no small load there; nor of his work in this church. I allude besides to all his personal cares—all the burdens he shared and helped others to bear, the manifold thoughtfulness and considerateness in which he poured out his strength as his generous and patient soul went forward under an increasing pressure.

I have an idea that almost any man who should put himself under the load of affairs, the aggregate of things, that this man carried, and undertake to stand up and bear it successfully along, might have the impression weighing down pretty heavily upon him that a giant was missing. I heard one man say while our brother was lying in his last illness, "We cannot spare him; he has such influence, he knows so much, we can't spare him." As for his influence, it would not be easy, I judge, for us to take an exact measure of it. In a sense he carried the whole world on his shoulders, like Atlas. He was concerned with interests which belt the globe, and his labors bore benefits across all seas to every continent under heaven.

Call the roll of those who hold office and have voice in the councils of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and ask who among them all has had a

larger percentage of his suggestions adopted, who has had a smaller proportion of his motions tabled or voted down, who has had more nearly universal respect paid by the wise and prudent to his opinions? And in place of answer, I apprehend there is far-extending silence. How many of the giants of the Church, if giants there be, exceed him in that irresistible kind of influence which arises out of general and absolute confidence compelled by character and capability? Never misusing his influence, or impairing it by mistakes, he carried it forward with steady increment, without leakage or subtraction. The business interests of a great Church leaned securely on his abilities, competent to large affairs, and his integrity solid as a granite monolith without flaw.

Another characteristic of which I desire to speak is the thoroughness of this man. I may be allowed to repeat the words of his only son, spoken to me privately, "My father never did any thing by halves." That is certainly true. What he knew he knew from the bottom to the top and back again to the bottom. He examined matters searchingly and exhaustively, that he might know the facts, their size, weight and value, that his action on them might be intelligent, judicious, and correct. He did not limit himself to a bare performance of prescribed official duty. It is conceivable that another man, in the position of Book

Agent, might have done all that could be legally exacted of him without doing any thing like the amount of work that this man did.

It was the same in the missionary treasurer-ship; he did not merely receive and pay out money and keep accounts. He was as intensely interested, it was evident, in the work of missions and devoted almost as much attention to it as if he had been one of the corresponding secretaries of the Missionary Society, chosen and salaried for that work alone. He must throw himself into it, and be a whole man to the missionary cause as to every thing else he touched. How glad he was to go with Bishop Harris to Mexico and study our work there; how full of it when he came back! And this was the nature and habit of the man—with absorbed though quiet zeal, and with steady enthusiasm he put his whole being into God's work.

He was just as thorough in all his duties here in St. John's Church as over yonder in the Book Concern and missionary office. Let me give you a single incident, illustrative of his spirit in the local church: Some years ago he taught a Bible-class in our Sabbath-school, but cares multiplied upon him so that he was obliged to give it up. One evening not more than two months ago I went around to his house and found him with overcoat and hat on, just going out. I said, "You are going out; I will not detain you." He insisted

I should come in for a few moments, saying, "I have no engagement. I was only going to call on one of the scholars in my old Bible-class who is going away for awhile." Here was this weary man, loaded with cares and pressed with sorrow, Agent of the Book Concern, Missionary Treasurer, Chairman of the Building Committee for the great structure on Fifth Avenue; yet going out after a heavy day's labor to do pastoral work among the members of a class which he had charge of years ago. The incident shows what kind of a man he was. Enough of his kind would transform this world into a heaven.

How true a friend he was; how serviceable, genial, gentle, though frank and plain-spoken! What testimony we should have if we could get answer from many who are gone! There was Bishop Ames, for whose affairs he cared to a considerable extent for years, for pure friendship's sake; there was Bishop Kingsley, with whom he was congenially intimate; Bishop Clark, whom he nursed in his last illness; Bishop Wiley, who was in the editorship of the *Ladies' Repository* in the same building with Brother Phillips in Cincinnati; and Robert L. Dashiell and Daniel Curry, office neighbors and warm friends of his at 805 Broadway. If we could get the testimony of these and others like them as to what kind of a friend he was it would harmonize, I am sure, with yours

and mine. Ask all the pastors he has ever had how much it was worth to them to be able to count, as they always could, on his faithful and solid though undemonstrative friendship.

In the long years many men of high character and position in the Church have paid him the respectful tribute of their warm esteem; but to the worthiest of these his confidence and friendship were of value as equivalent to a certificate of character, conveying as much honor as they, from their high places, could confer upon him.

And now, how shall we speak of his home life? That home was founded in Cincinnati, forty-seven years ago, in a happy and hallowed marriage with the sweet innocent-souled woman who, only four months ago, preceded him to the skies. Here lies a coincidence. His father and mother died fifty-two years ago within four months of each other, just as he and his wife now pass away within the same space. May I pause to note other coincidences? Last January, Rev. F. W. Phillips, his only surviving brother, died of carbuncle on the neck; in this January he himself goes in identically the same way. Another singular coincidence of events: Last summer the editor of the *Review*, it would seem divinely guided, planned to have the Senior Book Agent's picture and life-sketch for the January number. It appears, as planned, on the first of January, and is in the hands of his

friends, an unintended obituary, when he lies dying. In that issue of the *Review* appears another unpurposed harmony of things. The article preceding his life-sketch is on Character, in four parts: first, "The Relation of Heredity to Character," and this Methodist preacher's son was a fine illustration of that; next, "The Effect of Environment on Character," which is seen in this officer, whose adaptation and value were in no small degree the result of fifty years of Book Concern life; next a section on "Individuality," of which his strong-willed and pronounced personality was a satisfactory specimen; and last, "Christianity and Character," of which he was a ripe, sound, wholesome example, without high-caste pretensions, but with wise and sterling godliness.

Our brother's home remained in Cincinnati, unbroken save by the death of one little child, for thirty years. In 1872, on his election as Agent for the New York Book Concern, the home was moved to 145 Ross Street, Brooklyn. Ten years ago the circle was broken by the death of a son. Two daughters and a son had married and made homes of their own, so that father, mother, and one daughter now composed the household. The honorable, goodly years rolled on, the sweet and peaceful years went by, and the godly home was shedding its pure light and sending forth streams of usefulness and diffusing its fragrance all abroad,

until last year, when sickness seized upon the wife and mother, and, after six months of weary wasting and suffering, released her to the freedom and the health of heaven.

It so happened that I stood in shadow at a respectful distance, unobserved, when this husband bent to kiss his dead wife's lips in the early morning before the casket was closed to start for the West. Again and again the strong man bowed himself upon the casket, in silence and alone, with a rain of tears on his face, and kissed the mother of his children, who had filled his home with love for forty-six years.

Returning from the sorrowful funeral journey, his home was still preserved from extinction by the presence of a daughter, his youngest child; and for these four months it has been little short of pathetic to see the bereaved and broken father leaning for comfort and watch-care on a slender girl as if she were not only daughter but wife and mother to him in her ministering. And so good was God to him and them that all his children were about his bed to see their father gently breathe his last.

What a father these children have had! He ruled his household in love. His authority was strong enough to cast a shadow, but it was a protecting shadow. When the boys and girls were little nothing worse could be threatened than that

their father should be told of their small misdemeanors; that he should know they had been naughty seemed to them a dreadful thing. But how tender he was when they were sick! He would gather the little things in his arms and carry them about till they felt themselves nursed by a gentle giant; then he would lay them softly down and bring one of his own garments to put over them, as if he would cover them with a part of himself. And when the children grew to manhood and womanhood what a refuge he was to them all in any time of trouble or adversity! Blessed indeed are they who have had such a father, just and true and kind; strong and rugged like an oak-tree to lean against, and broad-armed to cover with protecting shelter.

Happy are ye, O children, crowned at your birth with dignity and holy good fortune in being sprung from such worthy parentage!

And now this laborious, devoted, trusted, and honored man has finished his course. It may be said that he goes from us in his prime, just when his usefulness and influence were at their greatest, his wisdom most widely confessed, his words most respected, and his services most prized. Like some long-swelling wave that rises on the dark bosom of the deep until it crests in whiteness, and at its climax flings its crystal toward the sky, our brother's life, gathering volume and value through

all the years, now at its summit breaks into the heavens. From the zenith of attainment and the top of action he passes to render his account to the Master whom he served. The toiler is appointed to the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

We have noticed him bowing more and more under the weight of years and labors and sorrows. We marked his stooping shoulders as he went up and down the aisle as usher from Sabbath to Sabbath. When his wife died that blow struck him from his place in the aisle and settled him in his pew, where he sat in silence not without tears.

“His journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart’s true home, is reached at last.”

He has been greeted in that eternal dwelling-place by the bride whom, nearly fifty years ago, he took for the building of his earthly home.

And now when all is over we hear a great voice falling from the skies above his record as brother, husband, father, friend, and officer; and the voice says, “Servant of God, well done!”

Rev. W. L. Phillips then offered the following prayer:

O God, our Father, we cannot see very far at the best; and to-day our eyes are dim with weep-

ing and our hearts are dazed and wondering. It is hardly real to us that thy servant has gone away, and we do not understand why he has gone. In our weakness and ignorance it seems to us that we needed him more than heaven did. He had come to be so much to us personally, we had such confidence in his absolute, unswerving integrity, we were so strengthened by his strength, we were so inspired by his example, the world seems lonesome to us without him and life cannot be quite what it was; and yet, O God, we know that thou art our Father, we know that thou art near us and that thou hearest us always; thou wilt not leave us comfortless. We know that though thou dost bury thy workers thou dost cause thy work to move forward. A Moses may die, but a Joshua steps to the front, for

“ Behind the great unknown

Standeth God amid the shadows keeping watch above his
own ; ”

and, as in all the past, so now thou wilt see to it that nothing dear to this man's heart, nothing of the burden and responsibility which he bore so perfectly and so well, shall in any wise suffer. And we are cheered with the thought that, personally, we know thou art, and what thou art, whose one great purpose is the good of all. We rest our souls on thine immortal love and Fatherhood and trust thee as thy children should.

We do bless thee, O God, in this hour of mys-

tery and bereavement, for the assurance of thy word concerning thy relation to us and thy love for us, concerning thine interest in all those great causes we are striving to serve. We do praise thee that to-day as we stand beside the honored dead we can realize that thou art in all and over all and through all, and that what thou doest is wisely planned, and what thou promotest is for the good of all thy creatures; and by and by thou wilt show us what we now do not know and satisfy us with the explanation of every mystery. And we do thank thee to-day that it is permitted to us to attend this Christian service in this Christian church, and that we who have gathered here have heard the Christ saying, "I am the resurrection and the life." We do not weep as those who look down into an abyss that is unlighted; we do not sorrow as those who see nothing beyond this cas- ket; we see but dimly through these mists and vapors, but we see something, and we hear the voice of Him who went down into the grave and hath ascended to the majesty of the throne on high, and who ever liveth to make intercession for us, and the voice says: "Thy brother shall live again." "Sown in weakness, but raised in power; sown a natural body, but raised a spiritual body; sown in corruption, but raised in incorruption;" and we shall sit down with Jesus in his throne even as he overcame and is set down with the Father

in his throne. Praised be thy name for this peace with which thou dost fill our hearts! Praised be thy name for these rich truths on which we may plant our feet as we look into the faces of our dead!

O, our Father, we thank thee for what thy servant was. We thank thee for the rich natural fitting thou didst give him for the work which he was doing; for all those qualities which furnished him in himself for conspicuous and honorable service, and especially do we thank thee for the grace which came to him so early in life, moving upon his heart and inclining him to repentance, and to that decision which set him forever over on the side of God and truth; for that coronation of natural powers which thou didst give him through the Holy Spirit, which prepared him for the taking of great burdens and the bearing of grave responsibilities, and to become a leader in the Church of his choice. We thank thee for what he was in the great business affairs in the Church he loved, for not only his cheerfulness and patience in the performance of the duties before him, but for his deep personal interest in thy cause—which never flagged—and which led him to assume responsibilities outside the regular routine of his position, and kept him always eager and aggressive and active, seeking to know what more he might do for the teachings and principles of Jesus rather than just how much was required of him.

We thank thee for his place in this church ; for the wisdom of his counsels, for the kindliness of his fellowship, for all the brave and patient and devoted discipleship we saw in him. We thank thee for the loyalty with which he held up the hands and cheered the hearts of his pastors, and for all his relations to his brethren in official position, the weakest and lowliest in the Church with him. We thank thee for his friendship, so stanch, so true, so constant, so loyal, which nothing could break ; which was not subject to the petty suspicion and prejudices which affect weaker men, but which continued glowing and honest and resolute even through evil as well as through good report. We thank thee for his life in the home, for all he was to the children thou didst give him and to the wife of his choice. We cannot know all that the father meant to those who weep to-day ; we cannot know what were the sacred and tender relationships whose severance makes these hearts so desolate this hour, but, knowing him as well as we did, we thank thee for the glimpses we had of him in his home life, and for the knowledge of his sweetness and purity in those relationships.

And now, O God, thou hast taken him to thyself, and these great interests and great relationships remain. We need thy comfort to-day, and we need thy guidance and protection in the com-

ing days. Bless these great business interests of which he was the head ; grant to raise up another if it be possible—in thy wisdom—in thy kindness to us raise up another who may receive his mantle and take his place.

Bless these who, long in his employ, had come not only to obey him cheerfully, but had come to respect him for himself and to love him as a brother. They are here to-day to look for the last time on the face which was such an inspiration to them. They are here sad-hearted and weeping ; God help them to be the more patient and the more loyal and the more faithful in the discharge of their duties because of their coming in contact with him in the work of life. And may they all strive to keep themselves unspotted from the world, and through faith in Jesus Christ to find their way into the same home into which he has entered triumphantly.

Bless the great missionary cause ; thou knowest how he loved it ; thou knowest how he labored cheerfully and without recompense ; thou knowest how he longed to see the Church coming up to the help of God in this great work. Thou knowest how his counsels comforted and cheered and supported the leaders in this great work, and now his voice is hushed ; we shall have no more of his counsel ; no more of his wise conduct of affairs. God bless the cause. God grant that it may

move steadily and majestically forward until the kingdoms of this world shall be given to our Lord Jesus Christ for an inheritance. We know that when the last glad anthem shall be raised over land and sea, "The Lord God omnipotent reigneth!" no voice shall ring with clearer or more glad or more triumphant melody than the voice of thy servant. God bless the cause, and grant that it may prosper even more abundantly in the future than in the past.

Bless this church. A large vacant place is made here; the brethren will meet and will miss this familiar form, and as he stands before this congregation this pastor will feel that something is missing from the spirit and atmosphere of the place. O God, thou who art the Head of the Church, thou who dost love thy people as a mother loves her children, bless this people, and grant unto them those rich and abiding consolations of thy grace which shall help them to bear this bereavement and to carry cheerfully and successfully the greater burdens which shall be theirs because of his going.

And now, O God, we come to pray for this home. We feel glad in our hearts for his sake that after the strain of great bereavement thou didst so soon wipe his tears away, thou didst so soon unite the hearts that for so many years had beat in perfect harmony; but these children—

we can only commend them to thee. Bless these who have gone out from the home to firesides of their own; who have some other interests and some other companions and some other relationships which may partly take the place of these broken ties, and yet who to-day are very keenly sensible of the great loss which has come to them. God bless these children and their children, and take them so close to thyself that they shall know that the Everlasting Arms are under them. But especially, O God, our Father, do thou bless this one who was so much to him, especially in these last days; only a little time ago thou didst call the mother home, and these two were left clinging to each other, and now the father has gone. O Lord, take her up, according to thy promise. Grant unto her to realize to-day that it is all well; and though she cannot see, and though she cannot understand how thou canst make this affliction a blessing to her, help her to wait and to listen for the coming of the Comforter; help her to look ahead as well as may be, and catch the radiant form of Him who has promised to be with us even unto the end; and we beseech thee that as the desolate days shall come and go she may realize that thou art in them all and that thou art giving to her strength according to her need, and so do thou help her in all that life that may yet be given her, that she may be made meet for the inheritance of the saints

in light, and have restored to her at last that which thou hast taken from her.

Hear us, we beseech thee ; do unto us not according to our poor asking, but exceeding beyond all we can ask or think. Help us all to be strong and true ; to emulate the example of this our stalwart brother, that at last we may lie down as peacefully as he, and be received abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, for his name's sake. Amen.

Rev. S. L. Baldwin, D.D., the Recording Secretary of the Missionary Society, read the following paper :

The members of the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, as they assemble at this time in their regular monthly meeting, are made sad by the mournful intelligence of the decease, at about 11 o'clock this morning, of Mr. John Milton Phillips, the Treasurer of the Society, and one of the Agents of the Methodist Book Concern at New York.

It was known that Brother Phillips had been for some days confined to his home by serious illness, but such was the importance of his services to the Society and the Church, and so ardent the hope that his valuable life would be spared, that every heart breathed fervent prayer that the prevailing

anxiety might be relieved by tidings of his convalescence. Yet it seemed right to the All-Wise Disposer of events that the stroke should fall, and our brother be removed from us amid his manifold activities and his abundant labors for the Church.

He filled so large a space in his various relations, both to the Society and the Church, that we pause with concern and anxiety for the future as we contemplate the vacancy his death occasions. So severe a loss has seldom, if ever, occurred to the temporal affairs of the Missionary Society and to those of our beloved Church.

With irrepressible emotion we have joined our resident Bishop in preliminary devotional exercises, and now with sorrowful hearts attempt a brief record that must terminate in our minutes the long and important proceedings of our Board connected with the name of our lamented Treasurer, John M. Phillips. No utterances can be too fervid touching his fidelity and competency in the custody and disbursement of millions of dollars that came to his hands as Missionary Treasurer and as Agent of the Book Concern at New York, or concerning his long-tried, inflexible honesty, and his superior business ability. No dollar was by him ever misapplied and no penny left unaccounted for. His reputation as a faithful steward, crowned by years of active and devoted service, is conspicuous for its perfect purity.

In another place his business principles, exemplary conduct, and Christian life and conversation, have lately received especial notice. The January number of the *Methodist Review* makes honorable mention of these qualities of his character. We have, therefore, the abridged duty at the present time to refer to his connection with our Missionary Society.

For ten years he has been its Treasurer and a member of its Board of Managers. There and in its committees his clear views, his wise suggestions, and his genial manners ever made him our valued, trusted, and cheerful colleague, while the accounts and showings of our treasury—in some corporations so much the source of discussion and criticism—never, under the practiced charge of John M. Phillips, needed explication or perspicuity. The Board, the General Missionary Committee, the General Conference, and the Church at large, could read the pages of those important accounts with full understanding and complete satisfaction.

Beyond the duties of the Treasury, Brother Phillips has, with his associate, Dr. Sanford Hunt, given much intelligent thought and urgent service in devising the plan and superintending the erection of the new building, on Fifth Avenue and Twentieth Street, for the Book Concern and the Missionary Society. Much of his latest labor was

given to that important enterprise. It is further cause of regret that his exemplary life should be ended before the new building—so much his pride and joy—could be finished.

But a nobler mansion awaited him, and he found a higher employ beyond the mundane skies. He rests from earthly labor and his works do follow him. Can we doubt that he was better capacitated for a higher sphere of ultimate perfection by the consecrated service that here, through divine grace, endued him with the traits of benevolent usefulness and Christian fidelity?

We make this brief record of our departed Treasurer sorrowing most of all that we shall see his manly face no more at his accustomed place in our Mission Rooms, and that his helpful service for the Missionary Society he loved so well is forever closed.

We direct that this minute be entered on the journal of our proceedings, published in *The Christian Advocate*, and a copy be forwarded to the bereaved family of our departed brother.

EDWARD G. ANDREWS,
SANDFORD HUNT,
CLINTON B. FISK,
ENOCH L. FANCHER,
Committee.

New York, Jan. 15, 1889.

At the close of these services the casket was opened and the large throng present took their last view of their honored and now sainted friend.

On Friday morning, the 18th, the family, accompanied by a committee from the Book Concern and Missionary Society, consisting of Clinton B. Fisk, Rev. A. K. Sanford, D.D., and Henry W. Knight, bore the body to Cincinnati as its final resting-place.

On Sabbath afternoon the closing additional services were held in St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, of which the deceased had been trustee.

The Agents and employés of the Western Book Concern and a large company of clergymen and laymen were present, and the following took part in the services: Revs. Drs. Rust, Bail, Gardner, Liebhart, Stowe, Van Cleve, Sanford, General Clinton B. Fisk, Mr. H. W. Knight, and Rev. Drs. Cranston, Bayliss, Edwards, and Hartzell.

At the close of the services in the church the following pall-bearers bore the body to Spring Grove Cemetery, where it was laid to rest beside

that of his beloved wife, whose interment Mr. Phillips witnessed so recently:

| | |
|--------------------|-----------------|
| J. COCHNOWER, | R. DYMOND, |
| GEORGE B. JOHNSON, | J. P. KILBRETH, |
| EDWARD SARGENT, | W. F. THORNE, |
| J. W. GOSLING, | JOSEPH HALL. |

Paper adopted by the Methodist Preachers' Meeting of New York and vicinity:

On Tuesday, the 15th of January, 1889, John Milton Phillips, one of the Agents of the Methodist Book Concern and Treasurer of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, laid himself down as if to pleasant sleep, but not to awake till the morning of the resurrection. Though he was a layman, we, the ministers of New York and vicinity, in regular meeting assembled, were so closely identified with him in many ways that we desire to put upon record some expression of our great sense of bereavement in his death and something of the precious memories we cherish of his many exalted virtues. It was true of him, as of God's ancient worthy, "Unto [him] men gave ear, and waited, and kept silence at [his] counsel. After [his] words they spake

not again, and his speech dropped upon them. And they waited for him as for the rain, and they opened their mouth wide as for the latter rain." "The young men saw [him] and hid themselves, and the aged arose and stood up. The princes refrained talking and laid their hand on their mouth." Yet he was the least pretentious of us all. There was in him seemingly no self-assertion. He was singularly wise, unfailingly accurate, and perfectly dispassionate. His words were usually like those of a judicial decision. His intellect was clear and discriminating; his moral standard pure and lofty; his Christian courtesy most refined; his industry untiring; and hence a long life-time of closest business fellowship with Methodist ministers made them an army of his friends and admirers while he lived, and now that he is gone they are an army of mourners at his grave. There is not a spot, however small, upon his character in all his long life of great and varied responsibilities. His pastors and the congregations with whom he regularly worshiped testify with entire unanimity to his fidelity and activity in all spiritual and temporal matters among them. A man of few words, yet the moment you came near to him his genial, mellow soul shone out so that those who knew him best loved and admired him most, and no one was likely to consider him reserved or formal. His life, from veriest boy-

hood devoted to the interests of the Church with unswerving fidelity and devotion, will not soon be forgotten by our appreciative and grateful Methodism. With his associate Agent of the Book Concern, the Rev. Dr. Hunt, and also with the officers of the Missionary Society, he worked in perfect harmony, and none outside of the family circle feel as they do the loss which they as well as the Church have sustained. We tender our most loving sympathies to the now parentless family, and drop our tears with them and lay our wreaths of honor upon the beautiful spot where their loved ones rest in such glorious hope.

“J. M. REID,

“J. A. ROCHE,

“S. F. UPHAM,

“J. R. THOMPSON.”

At a meeting of the directors of the Merchants' Exchange National Bank, held January 16, 1889, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

“*Whereas*, Mr. John M. Phillips, a director of this bank, died on the 15th inst., and his associates desire to give expression to their sorrow and place on record their appreciation of his character and worth; therefore, be it

In Memoriam.

“Resolved, That we bear testimony to the untiring zeal, the unswerving integrity, the cheerfulness under trial, as well as to the devotion to duty and Christian manliness always manifest in the life of our departed friend—a legacy of great value to all with whom he has been associated.

“Resolved, That these resolutions be entered on the minutes of this Board, and that a copy of the same, signed by the President and Cashier of this bank, be furnished to the family of Mr. Phillips.

“ P. C. LOUNSBURY, *Pres.*

“ A. G. APGAR, *Cashier.*”

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: May 2006

PreservationTechnologies
A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 017 527 154 5

